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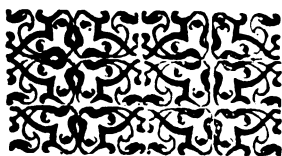
**A**  
**Most pleasaunt and**  
**excellent conceited Co-**  
**medie, of Syr Iohn Falstaffe, and the**  
**merrie Wiues of Windsor.**

**Entermixed with sundrie**  
**variable and pleasing humors, of Syr Hugh**  
**the Welch Knight, Iustice Shallow, and his**  
**wife Cousin M. Slender.**

**With the swaggering vaine of Auncient**  
**Pistoll, and Corporall Nym.**

**By William Shakespeare.**

**As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the right Honorable**  
**my Lord Chamberlaines seruants. Both before her**  
**Maiestie, and else-where.**



**L O N D O N**

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A





A pleasant conceited Co-  
medie, of Syr Iohn Falstaffe, and the  
merry Wiues of Windsor.

*Enter Iustice Shallow, Syr Hugh, Maister Page,  
and Slender.*

*Shal.* Nere talke to me, Ile make a star-cham-  
ber matter of it.

The Councell shall know it. (*mee.*

*Pag.* Nay good maister *Shallow* be perswaded by

*Slen.* Nay surely my vncle shall not put it vp so.

*Sir Hu.* Wil you not heare reasons *M. Slenders*?

You should heare reasons.

*Shal.* Tho he be a knight, he shall not thinke to  
carrie it so away.

*M. Page* I will not be wronged. For you

Syr, I loue you, and for my cousen

He comes to looke vpon your daughter.

*Pa.* And heres my hand, and if my daughter

Like him so well as I, wee'l quickly haue it a match.

In the meane time let me intreat you to sojourne

Here a while. And on my life Ile vndertake

To make you friends.

*Sir Hu.* I pray you *M. Shallowes* let it be so.

*A pleasaunt Comedie, of*  
The matter is pud to arbitraments.  
The first man is M. *Page*, videlicet M. *Page*.  
The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe. (tyr.  
And the third and last man, is mine host of the gar-

*Enter Syr Iohn Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolfe,*  
*and Nim.*

Here is sir *Iohn* himselfe now, looke you.

*Fal.* Now M. *Shallow*, youle complaine of me  
to the Councell, I heare?

*Shal.* Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, you haue hurt my keeper,  
Kild my dogs, stolne my decre.

*Fal.* But not kissed your keepers daughter.

*Shal.* Well this shall be answered.

*Fal.* Ile answere it strait. I haue done all this.  
This is now answered.

*Shal.* Well, the Councell shall know it.

*Fal.* Twere better for you twere knowne in  
Youle be laught at. (counsell,

*Sir Hu.* Good vrdes sir *Iohn*, good vrdes.

*Fal.* Good vrdes, good Cabidge.

*Slender* I brake your head,

What matter haue you against mee?

*Slen.* I haue matter in my head against you and  
your cogging companions, *Pistoll* and *Nym*. They  
carried mee to the Tauerne and made mee drunke,  
and afterward picked my pocket.

*Fal.* What say you to this *Pistoll*, did you picke  
Maister *Slenders* purse *Pistoll*?

*Slen.* I by this handkercher did he. Two faire  
shouell boord shillings, besides seuen groats in mill  
sixpences.

*Fal.*

*the merry wines of Windsor.*

*Fal.* What say you to this *Pistoll*?

*Pist.* Sir *Iohn*, and Maister mine, I combat craue  
Of this same latten bilbo. I do retort the lie  
Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.

*Slen.* By this light it was he then.

*Nym.* Syr my honor is not for many words,  
But if you run bace humors of me,  
I will say mary trap. And there's the humor of it.

*Fal.* You heare these matters denide gentlemē,  
You heare it.

*Enter Mistresse Foord, Mistresse Page, and her  
daughter Anne.*

*Pa.* No more now,  
I thinke it be almost dinner time,  
For my wife is come to meet vs.

*Fal.* Mistresse *Foord*, I thinke your name is,  
If I mistake not.

*Syr Iohn* kisses her.

*Mis. Ford.* Your mistake sir is nothing but in the  
Mistresse. But my husbands name is *Foord* sir.

*Fal.* I shall desire your more acquaintance.  
The like of you good mister is *Page*.

*Mis. Pa.* With all my hart sir *Iohn*.  
Come husband will you goe?  
Dinner staies for vs.

*Pa.* With all my hart, come along Gentlemen.

*Exit all, but Slender and  
mistresse Anne.*

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

*Anne.* Now forsooth why do you stay me?  
What would you with me?

*Slender.* Nay for my owne part, I would litle or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my vncke can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me why so. If not, why then happie man be his dole.

*An.* You say well *M. Slender.*  
But first you must giue me leaue to  
Be acquainted with your humor,  
And afterward to loue you if I can.

*Slender.* Why by God, there's neuer a man in christendome can desire more. What haue you Beares in your Towne mistresse *Anne*, your dogs barke for?

*An.* I cannot tell *M. Slender*, I thinke there be.

*Slender.* Ha how say you? I warrant your afeard of a Beare let loose, are you not?

*An.* Yes trust me.

*Slender.* Now that's meate and drinke to me,  
Ile run yon to a Beare, and take her by the muffle,  
You neuer saw the like.

But indeed I cannot blame you,  
For they are marvellous rough things.

*An.* Will you goe in to dinner *M. Slender*?  
The meate staies for you.

*Slender.* No faith not I. I thanke you,  
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate  
Nere since I broke my shin. Ile tel you how it came  
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies  
For a dish of stewd prunes, and I with my ward  
Defending my head, he hot my shin. Yes faith.



*the merry wiues of Windsor.*

*Enter Maister Page.*

*Pa.* Come, come Maister Slender, dinner staies for you.

*Slen.* I can eate no meate, I thanke you.

*Pa.* You shall not choose I say.

*Slen.* Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.

May be God misteris *Anne*, you shall goe first,  
I haue more manners then so, I hope.

*An.* Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter sir Hugh and Simple, from dinner.*

*Sir Hu.* Hark you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* house, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the street, and enquire of his house for one mistris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try nurse, and deliuer this Letter to her, it tis about Maister *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

*Sim.* I warrant you Sir.

*Sir Hu.* Pray you do, I must not be absent at the grace.

I will goe make an end of my dinner,  
There is pepions and cheefe behinde.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter sir Iohn Falstaffes Host of the Garter,  
Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the boy.*

*Fal.* Mine Host of the Garter.

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

**Host.** What sees my bully Rooke?  
Speake schollerly and wisely.

**Fal.** Mine Host, I must turne away some of my  
followers.

**Host.** Discard bully, *Hercules* cassire.  
Let them wag, trot, trot.

**Fal.** I sit at ten pound a weeke.

**Host.** Thou art an Emperour *Cesar*, *Pheffer* and  
*Kesar* bully.

He entertaine *Bardolfe*. He shall tap, he shall draw.  
Said I well, bully *Hector*?

**Fal.** Do good mine Host.

**Host.** I haue spoke. Let him follow. *Bardolfe*  
Let me see thee froth, and lyme. I am at  
A word. Follow, follow.

*Exit Host.*

**Fal.** Do *Bardolfe*, a Tapster is a good trade,  
An old cloake will make a new Ierkin,  
A withered seruingman, a fresh Tapster:  
Follow him *Bardolfe*.

**Bar.** I will sir, He warrant you He make a good  
shift to liue.

*Exit Bardolfe.*

**Pis.** O bace gongarian wight, wilt thou the spic-  
ket willd?

**Nym.** His minde is not heroick. And theres the  
humor of it.

**Fal.** Well my Laddes, I am almost out at the  
heelles.

**Pis.** Why then let cybes insue.

**Nym.** I thanke thee for that humor.

*Fal.*

*the merry viues of Windsor.*

*Fal.* Well I am glad I am so rid of this tinder  
Boy.

His stealth was too open, his filching was like  
An vnskillfull finger, he kept not time.

*Nym.* The good humor is to steale at a minutes  
rest.

*Pis.* Tis so indeed *Nym*, thou hast hit it right.

*Fal.* Well, afore God, I must cheat, I must cony-  
catch.

Which of you knowes *Foord* of this Towne?

*Pis.* I ken the wight, he is of substance good.

*Fal.* Well my honest Lads, Ile tell you what  
I am about.

*Pis.* Two yards and more.

*Fal.* No gibes now *Pistoll*: indeed I am two yards  
In the wast, but now I am about no wast:  
Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you,  
I do intend to make loue to *Foord*s wife,  
I espie entertainment in her. She carues, she  
Discourses. She giues the lyre of inuitation,  
And euery part to be constured rightly is, I am  
*Syr Iohn Falstaffes*.

*Pis.* He hath studied her well, out of honestie  
Into English.

*Fal.* Now the report goes, she hath all the rule  
Of her husbands purse. She hath legians of angels.

*Pis.* As many diuels attend her.  
And to her boy say I.

*Fal.* Heere's a Letter to her. Heeres another to  
misteris *Page*.

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

Who euen now gaue me good cies too, examined my exteriors with such a greedy intentiō, with the beames of her beautie, that it seemed as she would a scorched me vp like a burning glasse. Here is another Letter to her, shee beares the purse too. They shall be Excheckers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They shall be my East and West Indies, and Ile trade to them both. Heere beare thou this Letter to mistresse *Foord*. And thou this to mistresse *Page*. Weele thriue Lads, we will thriue.

*Pisf.* Shall I sir Panderowes of *Troy* become?  
And by my sword were Steele.  
Then Lucifer take all.

*Nym.* Here take your humor Letter againe,  
For my part, I will keepe the hauior  
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

*Fal.* Here sirrha beare me these Letters titely,  
Saile like my pinnice to the golden shores:  
Hence slaues, avant. Vanish like hailstones, goe.  
*Falstaffe* will learne the humor of this age,  
French thrift you rogue, my selfe and scirted *Page*.

*Exit Falstaffe,  
and the Boy.*

*Pisf.* And art thou gone? Teaster Ile haue in pouch  
When thou shalt want, bace Phrygian Turke.

*Nym.* I haue operations in my head, which are  
humors of reuenge.

*Pisf.* Wilt thou reuenge?

*Nym.* By *Welkin* and her Fairies.

*Pisf.* By wit, or sword?

*Nym.* With both the humors I will disclose this  
loue to *Page*. Ile poses him with Iallowes,

And

*the merry wines of Windsor.*

And theres the humor of it.

*Pis.* And I to *Foord* will likewise tell  
How *Falstaffe* varlot vilde,  
Would haue her loue, his doue would proue,  
And eke his bed defile.

*Nym.* Let vs about it then.

(on.

*Pis.* Ile second thee : fir Corporall *Nym* troope

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Mistresse Quickly, and Simple.*

*Quic.* M. *Slender* is your Masters name say you?

*Sim.* I indeed that is his name.

*Quic.* How say you? I take it hee is somewhat a  
weakly man :

And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

*Sim.* Indeed my maisters beard is kane colored.

*Quic.* Kane colour, you say well.

And is this Letter from fir *Yon*, about Misteris *An*,  
Is it not?

*Sim.* I indeed is it.

*Quic.* So : and your Maister would haue me as  
it twere to speak to misteris *Anne* concerning him :  
I promise you my M. hath a great affectioned mind  
to mistresse *Anne* himselfe. And if he should know  
that I should as they say, giue my verdit for any one  
but himselfe, I should heare of it throughly : For  
I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

*Sim.* I by my faith you are a good staie to him.

*Quic.* Am I? I and you knew all yowd say so :  
Washing, brewing, baking, all goes through my  
Or else it would be but a woe house. (hands,

*Sim.* I beshrow me, one woman to do all this,

*A pleasant Comedie, of*  
Is very painfull.

*Quic.* Are you auised of that? I, I warrant you,  
Take all, and paie all, all goe through my hands,  
And he is such a honest man, and he should chance  
To come home and finde a man here, we should  
Haue no who with him. He is a parlowes man.

*Sim.* Is he indeed?

*Quic.* Is he quoth you? God keepe him abroad:  
Lord blesse me, who knocks there?  
For Gods sake step into the Counting-house,  
While I goe see whose at doore.

*He steps into the Counting-house.*

What *Iohn Rugby*, *Iohn*,  
Are you come home sir already?

*And she opens the doore.*

*Deil.* I began I be forget my oyntment,  
VVhere be *Iohn Rugby*?

*Enter Iohn.*

*Rug.* Here sir, do you call?

*Doc.* I you be *Iohn Rugby*, and you be *Iack Rugby*  
Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away  
De oyntment in de vindoe present:  
Make hast *Iohn Rugby*. O I am almost forget  
My simples in a boxe in de Counting-house:  
O Ieshu vat be here, a deuella, a deuella?  
My Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, Vat be you, vat make  
You in my Counting-house?  
Itinck you be a teefe.

*Quic.* Ieshu blesse me, we are all vndone.

*Sim.* O Lord sir no: I am no theefe,  
I am a Screwingman:

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My

*the merry wiues of windſor.*

My name is *Iohn Simple*, I brought a Letter ſir  
From my *M. Slender*, about miſteris *Anne Page*  
Sir: Indeed that is my comming.

*Doc.* I began is dat all? *Iohn Rugby* giue a ma pen.  
An Inck: tarche vn pettit tarche a little.

*The Doctor writes.*

*Sim.* O God what a furious man is this?

*Quic.* Nay it is well he is no worſe:  
I am glad he is ſo quiet.

*Doc.* Here giue dat ſame to ſir *Hu*, it ber ve chalège  
Began tell him I will cut his naſe, will you?

*Sim.* I ſir, I le tell him ſo. {may.

*Doc.* Dat be vell, my Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, followe  
*Exit Doctor.*

*Quic.* VVell my friend, I cannot tarry, tell your  
Maſter I le doo what I can for him,  
And ſo farewell.

*Sim.* Mary will I, I am glad I am got hence.

*Exit annes.*

*Enter Miſtreſſe Page, reading of  
a Letter.*

{reaſon,  
*Miſ. Pa.* Miſtreſſe Page I loue you. Aſke me no  
Be cauſe theyr impoſſible to alledge. Your faire,  
And I am fat. Yon loue ſack ſo do I:  
As I am ſure I haue no mind but to loue,  
So I know you haue no hart but to grant {knowes.  
A ſouldier doth not vſe many words, where a  
A letter may ſerue for a ſentence. I loue you,  
And ſo I leaue you.

*Tours Syr Iohn Falſtaffe.*

*Now*

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

Now Ieshu blesse me, am I methomorphised?  
I thinke I knowe not my selfe. Why what a Gods  
name doth this man see in me, that thus he shootes  
at my honestie? Well but that I knowe my owne  
heart, I should scarcely perswade my selfe I were  
hand. Why what an vnreasonable wooll sack is this.  
He was neuer twice in my companie, and if then I  
thought I gaue such assurance with my eies, Ide pul  
them out, they should neuer see more holic daies.  
Well, I shall trust fat men the worse while I liue for  
his sake. O God that I knew how to be reuenged of  
him. But in good time, heeres mistresse *Foord*.

*Enter Mistresse Foord.*

*Mis. For.* How now *Mistris Page*, are you reading  
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

*Mis. Pa.* O woman I am I know not what:  
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in such a  
case in my life.

*Mis. Ford.* In loue, now in the name of God with  
whom?

*Mis. Pa.* With one that sweares he loues me,  
And I must not choose but do the like againe:  
I prethie looke on that Letter.

*Mis. For.* Ile match your letter iust with the like,  
Line for line, word for word. Only the name  
Of misteris *Page*, and misteris *Foord* disagrees:  
Do me the kindnes to looke vpon this.

*Mis. Pa.* Why this is right my letter.  
O most notorious villaine!  
Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this?  
Lets be reuenged what so ere we do.

*Mis. For.* Reuenged, if we liue weel be reuenged.

O Lord



*the merry wives of Windsor.*

O Lord if my husband should see this Letter,  
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Icalousie.

*Enter Ford, Page, Pistoll and Nym.*

*Mis. Pa.* See where our husbands are,  
Mine's as far from Icalousie,  
As I am from wronging him.

*Pis. Ford* the words I speake are forst:  
Beware, take heed, for *Falstaffe* loues thy wife:  
When *Pistoll* lies do this.

*Ford.* Why sir my wife is not young.

*Pis.* He wooes both yong and old, both rich and  
None comes amis. I say he loues thy wife: (poore  
Faire warning did I giue, take heed,  
For sommer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare:  
*Page* belieue him what he ses. Away sir Corporall

*Exit Pistoll.* (*Nym.*

*Nym.* Syr the humor of it is, he loues your wife,  
I should ha borne the humor Letter to her:  
I speake and I auouch tis true: My name is *Nym*.  
Farwell, I loue not the humor of bread and cheefe:  
And theres the humor of it. *Exit Nym.*

*Pa.* The humor of it, quoth you:  
Heres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.

*Mis. Pa.* How now sweet hast, how dost thou?

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.*

*Pa.* How now man? How do you mistress *Ford*?

*Mis. For.* Well I thanke you good *M. Page*.  
How now husband, how chaunce thou art so me-  
lancholy?

*Ford.* Melancholy, I am not melancholy.  
Goe get you in, goe.

*Mis. For.* God saue me, see who yonder is:

*A pleasant Comedie, of*  
Weele set her a worke in this businesse.

*Mis. Pa.* O sheele serue excellent.

Now you come to see my daughter *As I am sure.*

*Quic.* I forsooth that is my comming.

*Mis. Pa.* Come go in with me. Come *Mis. Ford.*

*Mis. For.* I follow you *Mistresse Page.*

*Exit Mistresse Ford, Mis. Page, and Quickly.*

*For.* M. *Page* did you heare what these fellows

*Pa.* Yes M. *Ford*, what of that sir? (said?)

*For.* Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?

*Pa.* No by my troth do I not,

I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,

Such as rather speakes of enuie,

Then of any certaine they haue

Of any thing. And for the knight, perhaps

He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men

Are; But should he loue my wife,

Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him:

And what he got more of her,

Then ill lookes, and shrowd words,

Why let me beare the penaltie of it.

*For.* Nay I do not mistrust my wife,

Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,

A man may be too confident.

*Enter Host and Shallow.*

*Pa.* Here comes my ramping host of the garter,  
Ther's either licker in his hed, or mony in his purse,  
That he lookes so merrily. Now mine Host?

*Host.* God blesse you my bully rookes, God blesse  
Cauclers Justice I say. (you.

*Shal.* At hand mine host, at hand. M. *Ford* god den  
God den an twentie good M. *Page.* (to you.

I tell.

*the merry whies of Windsor.*

I tell you sir we haue sport in hand.

*Host.* Tell him cauelira Iustice : tell him bully

*Ford.* Mine Host a the garter: (rooke.

*Host.* What ses my bully rooke :

*Ford.* A word with you sir.

*Ford and the Host talkes.*

*Shal.* Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport  
Doctor *Cayus* and sir *Hu* are to fight, (shall be,

My merrie Host hath had the measuring  
Of their weapons, and hath (care :

Appointed them contrary places. Harke in your

*Host.* Hast thou no shute against my knight,  
My guest, my cauellira:

*Ford.* None I protest : But tell him my name  
Is *Brooke*, onlie for a Iest.

*Host.* My hand bully : Thou shalt  
Haue egres and regres, and thy  
Name shall be *Brooke* : Sed I well bully Hector :

*Shal.* I tell you what M. *Page*, I beleue

The Doctor is no Iester, heele laie it on :

For tho we be Iustices and Doctors,

And Church men, yet we are

The sonnes of women M. *Page* :

*Pa.* True maister *Shallow*:

*Shal.* It will be found so maister *Page*:

*Pa.* Maister *Shallow* you your selfe

Haue bene a great fighter,

Tho now a man of peace:

*Shal.* M. *Page* I haue seene the day that yong  
Tall fellowes with their stroke & their passado,

I haue made them trudge Maister *Page*,

A tis the hart, the hart doth all : I

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

Haue seene the day, with my two hand sword:  
I would a made you foure tall Fencers.

Scipped like Rattes.

*Hof.* Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?

*Shal.* Ha with you mine host.

*Exit Host and Shallow.*

*Pa.* Come *M. Ford*, shall we to dinner?

I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.

*For.* No in good sadnesse not in mine:

Yet for all this Ile try it further,

I will not leaue it so:

Come *M. Page*, shall we to dinner?

*Pa.* With all my hart sir, Ile follow you.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Syr Iohn, and Pistoll.*

*Fal.* He nor lend thee a peny.

*Pis.* I will retort the sum in equiPAGE.

*Fal.* Not a pennie: I haue beene content you  
shuld lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated  
vpon my good friends for 3. repriues, for you and  
your Coach-fellow *Nym*, else you might a looked  
thorow a grate like a geminy of babones. I am dam-  
ned in hell for swearing to Gentlemen your good:  
souldiers and tall fellowes: And when mistriss *Bri-  
get* lost the handle of her Fan, I tooked on my ho-  
thou hadst it not.

*Pis.* Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fif-  
teene pence?

*Fal.* Reason you rogue, reason.

Doest thou thinke Ile indanger my soule gratis?

In brife, hang no more about mee, I am no gybit  
for you. A short knife and a throng to your manner

of.

*the merry wines of Windsor.*

of pickt hatch, goe. Youle not beare a Letter for me  
you rogue you: you stand vpon your honor. Why  
thou vnconfinable basenesse thou, tis as much as I  
can do to keep the termes of my honor precise. I, I  
my selfe sometimes, leauing the feare of God on  
the left hand, am faine to shuffel, to fitch & to lurch.  
And yet you stand vpon your honor, you rogue.  
You, you.

*Pis.* I do recant: what wouldst thou more of man?

*Fal.* Well, go too, away, no more.

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.*

*Quic.* Good you god den sir.

*Fal.* Good den faire wife.

*Quic.* Not so ant like your worship.

*Fal.* Faire mayd then.

*Quic.* That I am Ile be sworne, as my mother  
The first houre I was borne. (was  
Sir I would speake with you in priuate.

*Fal.* Say on I prethy, heeres none but my owne  
houshold.

*Quic.* Are they so? Now God blesse them, and  
make them his seruants.

*Syr* I come from Mistresse Foord.

*Fal.* So from Mistresse Foord. Goe on.

*Quic.* I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you  
Vnderstand she hath receiued your Letter, (dit.  
And let me tell you, she is one stands vpon her ere-

*Fal.* Well, come Misteris Ford, Misteris Ford.

*Quic.* I sir, and as they say, she is not the first  
Hath bene led in a fobles paradise.

*Fal.* Nay prethy be briete my good she Mercury.

*Quic.* Mary sir, sheed haue you meet her between  
eight and nine.

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

*Fal.* So betwene eight and nine: *(Birding)*

*Quic.* I forsooth, for then her husband goes a

*Fal.* Well commend me to thy mistress, tel her

I will not faile her: Boy giue her my purse.

*Quic.* Nay sir I haue another errand to do to you  
From mistress Page:

*Fal.* From mistress Page? I prethy what of her?

*Quic.* By my troth I think you work by Inchant-  
Els they could neuer loue you as they doo: *(mentis,*

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my  
Good parts aside, I vse no other inchantments:

*Quic.* Well sir, she loues you extreemly:  
And let me tell you, shees one that feares God,  
And her husband giues her leaue to do all:  
For he is not halfe so ieaiousie as *M. Ford* is. *(Ford,*

*Fal.* But haake thee, hath mistress Page & mistress  
Acquainted each other how dearly they loue me?

*Quic.* O God no sir: there were a iest indeed!

*Fal.* Well farwel, commend me to mistress Ford,  
I will not faile her say.

*Quic.* God be with your worship.

*Exit Mistresse Quickly.*

*Enter Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Sir heer's a Gentleman,  
One *M. Brooke*, would speak with you,  
He hath sent you a cup of lacke.

*Fal.* *M. Brooke*, hees welcome: Bid him come vp,  
Such *Brookes* are alwaies welcome to me:  
A *Lack*, will thy old bodie yet hold out?  
Wilt thou after the expence of so much mony  
Be now a gainer? Good bodie I thanke thee,  
And Ile make more of thee then I ha done:

Ha

*the merry wines of Windsor.*

Ha, ha, misteris Ford, and misteris Page, haue  
I caught you a the tip: go too.

*Enter Foord disguised like Brooke.*

*Fo.* God saue you sir.

*Fal.* And you too, would you speak with me?

*Fal.* Mary would I sir, I am somewhat bolde to  
My name is *Brooke*. (trouble you,

*Fal.* Good M. *Brooke* your verie welcome.

*Fo.* Ifaith sir I am a gentleman and a trauellet,  
That haue seen somewhat. And I haue often heard  
That if mony goes before, all waies lie open.

*Fal.* Mony is a good souldier sir, and will on.

*Fo.* Ifaith sir, and I haue a bag here,

Would you woud helpe me to beare it.

*Fal.* O Lord, would I could tell how to deserue  
To be your porter.

*Fo.* That may you easily sir *John*: I haue a car-  
Sute to you. But good sir *John* when I haue (next  
Told you my grieffe, cast one eie of your owne  
Estate, since your selfe knew what tis to be  
Such an offender.

*Fal.* Verie well sir, proceed.

*Fo.* Sir I am deeply in loue with one *Fords* wife  
Of this Towne. Now sir *John* you are a gentleman  
Of good discoursing, well beloued among Ladies,  
A man of such parts that might win 20, such as she.

*Fal.* O good sir.

*Fo.* Nay beleeue it sir *John*, for tis time. Now my  
Is so grounded vpon her, that without her loue  
I shall hardly liue.

*Fal.* Haue you importuned her by any means?

*Ford.* No neuer Sir.

*A Pleasant Comedie, of*

**Fal.** Of what qualitie is your loue then?

**Ford.** Ifaith sir, like a faire house set vpon

Another mans foundation. (me?

**Fal.** And to what end haue you vnfolded this to

**For.** O sir, when I haue told you that, I told you

For she fir stands so pure in the firme state (all:

Of her honestie, that she is too bright to be looked

Against: Now could I come against her

With some detectio, I should sooner perswade her

From her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice

Termes that sheele stand vpon.

**Fal.** Why would it apply well to the veruensie  
of your affection, (ioy?

That another should possesse what you would en-

Meethinks you prescribe verie proposterously

To your selfe.

**For.** No sir, for by that meanes should I be cer-  
taine of that which I now misdoubt.

**Fal.** Well *M. Brooke*, Ile first make bold with your  
Next, giue me your hand. Lastly, you shall (mony,  
And you will, enioy *Fords* wife.

**For.** O good sir.

**Fal.** *M. Brooke*, I say you shall.

**Ford.** Want no mony *Syr Iohn*, you shall want

**Fal.** Want no Misteris *Ford M. Brooke*, (none.

You shall want none. Euen as you came to me,

Her spokes mate, her go between parted from me:

I may tell you *M. Brooke*, I am to meet her

Between 8. and 9. for at that time the Icalous

Cuckally knaue her husband wilbe from home,

Come to me soone at night, you shall know how

I speed *M. Brooke*.



*the merry wiues of Windsor.*

*Ford.* Sir do you know *Ford*? (him not,

*Fal.* Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know  
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they  
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of angels,  
For the which his wife seemes to me well fauored,  
And Ile vse her as the key of the cuckally knaues  
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.

*Ford.* Meethinkes sir it were very good that you  
*Ford*, that you might shun him, (knew

*Fal.* Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile stare him  
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe  
With this my cudgell: It shall hang like a meator  
Ore the wittolly knaues head, *M. Brooke* thou shalt  
See I will predominate ore the peasant,  
And thou shalt lie with his wife. *M. Brooke*  
Thou shalt know him for knaue and cuckold,  
Come to me soone at night.

*Exit Falsaffe.*

*Ford.* What a damned epicurian is this?  
My wife hath sent for him, the plot is laid:  
*Page* is an Assle, a foole. A secure Assle,  
Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my  
Aquauita bottle, Sir *H* our parson with my cheefe,  
A theefe to walk my ambling gelding, the my wife  
With her selfe: then she plots, then she ruminates,  
And what she thinkes in her hart she may effect,  
Sheele breake her hart but she will effect it.  
God be praised, God be praised for my icalousie:  
Well Ile goe preuent him, the time drawes on;  
Better an houre too soone, then a minit too late,  
Gods my life cuckold, cuckold.

*Exit Ford.*

D

*Enter*

## *A pleasant Comedie, of*

*Enter the Doctor and his man.*

*Doc.* Iohn Rugby goe looke met your eies ore de  
And spie and you can see de parson. (stall,

*Rug.* Sir I cannot tell whether he be there or no,  
But I see a great many comming.

*Doc.* Bully moy, mon rapier Iohn Rugbye, begar  
Hearing be not so dead as I shall make him. de

*Enter Shallow, Page, my Host, and Slender.*

*Pa.* God saue you M. Doctor Cayus.

*Shal.* How do you M. Doctor? (thee,

*Host.* God blesse thee my bully doctor, God blesse

*Doc.* Vat be all you, Van to tree com for, a?

*Host.* Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine, to  
see thee trauerse, to see thee here, to see thee there,  
to see thee passe the punto. The stock, the reuerse,  
the distance: the montnce is a dead my francoyes?  
Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ha what ses my gallon?  
my escuolapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?

*Doc.* Begar de preest be a coward lack knaue,  
He dare not shew his face.

*Host.* Thou art a castallian king vrinall.

*Hector of Greece* my boy.

*Shal.* He hath showne himfelse the wiser man

M. Doctor:

Sir Hugh is a Parson, and you a Phisition. You must  
Goe with me M. Doctor.

*Host.* Pardon bully Iustice. A word monsire

*Doc.* Mockwater, vat me dat? (mockwater.

*Host.* That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully,  
vallor.

*the merry wiues of Windsor.*

*Doc.* Begarden I haue as mockwater as de English  
Iack dog, knaue.

*Host.* He will claperclaw thee titely bully.

*Doc.* Claperclawe, vat be dat?

*Host.* That is, he will make thee amends.

*Doc.* Begar I do looke he shal claperclaw me dē,  
And Ile prouoke him to do it, or let him wag :  
And moreouer bully, but *M. Page* and *M. Shallow*,  
And eke cauellira *Slender*, go you all ouer the fields  
to Frogmore?

*Pa.* Sir *Hugh* is there, is hee?

*Host.* He is there : goe see what humor hee is in,  
Ile bring the Doctor about by the fields :  
Will it do well?

*Shal.* We wil do it my host. Farwel *M. Doctor*.

*Exit all but the Host and Doctor.*

*Doc.* Begar I will kill de cowardly Iack preest,  
He is make a foole of moy.

*Host.* Let him die, but first sheth your impatience,  
Throw cold water on your collor, com go with me  
Through the fields to *Frogmore*, and Ile bring thee  
Where mistris *An Page* is a feasting at a farm house,  
And thou shalt wear hir cried game : sed I wel bully

*Doc.* Begar excellent vel : and if you speak pour  
moy, I shall procure you de gessie of all de gentelmē  
mon patinces. I begar I fall.

*Host.* For the which Ile be thy aduersary  
To misteris *An Page* : Sed I well?

*Doc.* I begar excellent.

*Host.* Let vs wag then.

*Doc.* Alon, alon, alon.

*Exit omnes.*

## A pleasant Comedie, of

*Enter Syr Hugh and Simple.*

*Sir Hu.* I pray you do so much as see if you can  
Doctor *Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence,  
Or bring me vrde if you please now. (espie

*Sim.* I will Sir.

*Sir Hu.* Ielhu ples mee, how my hart trobes, and  
And then she made him bedes of Roses, (trobes,  
And a thousand fragrant poses,  
To shallow riuers. Now so kad vdge me, my hart  
Swelles more and more. Mee thinkes I can cry  
Verie well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,  
To shallow riuers and to falles,  
Melodious birds sing Madrigalles.

*Sim.* Sir here is M. *Page*, and M. *Shallow*,  
Comming hither as fast as they can. (sword,

*Sir Hu.* Then it is verie necessary I put vp my  
Pray giue me my cowne too, make yqu.

*Enter Page, shallow, and Slender.*

*Pa.* God saue you Sir *Hugh*.

*Shal.* God saue you M. parson. (now,

*Sir Hu.* God plesse you all from his mercies sake

*Pa.* What the word and the sword, doth that agree well?

*Sir Hu.* There is reasons and causes in all things,  
I warrant you now.

*Pa.* Well Sir *Hugh*, we are come to craue  
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.

*Sir Hu.* What is I pray you?

*Pa.* Ifaith tis this Sir *Hugh*. There is an auncient  
friend of ours, a man of verie good sort, so at oddes  
with.

*the merry wiues of Windsor.*

with one patience, that I am sure you would hartily  
griue to see him. Now Sir *Hugh*, you are a scholler  
well red, and verie perswasive, we would intreate  
you to see if you could intreat him to patience.

*Sir Hu.* I pray you who is it? Let vs know that.

*Pa.* I am shure you know him, tis Doctor *Cayus*.

*Sir Hu.* I had as leue you should tel me of a messe  
He is an arant lowlie beggerly knaue: (of poredge,  
And he is a coward beside.

*Pa.* Why Ile laie my life tis the man  
That he should fight withall.

*Enter Doctor and the Host, they  
offer to fight.*

*Shal.* Keep them asunder, take away their wea-

*Host.* Disarme, let them question. (pons.

*Shal.* Let them keep their limbs hole, and hack  
our English.

*Doc.* Hark you vrd in your eare. You be vn daga  
And de Iack, coward preest.

*Sir Hu.* Hark you, let vs not be laughing stoekes  
to other mens humors. By Ieshu I will knock your  
yrinals about your knaues cockcomes, for missing  
your meetings and appointments.

*Doc.* O Ieshu mine host of de garter, *John Rogoby*,  
Haue I not met him at de place he make apoint,  
Haue I not?

*Sir Hu.* So kad vdge me, this is the pointment;  
Withes by my Host of the garter. (place,

*Host.* Peace I say gawle and gawlia, French and  
Soule curer, and bodie curer. (Wealch,

*Doc.* This is verie braue, excellent.

*Host.* Peace I say, heare mine host of the garter,

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

Am I wise? am I politticke? am I Matchauil?  
Shall I lose my doctor? No, he giues me the motiōs  
And the potions. Shall I lose my parson, my sir *Hu*?  
No, he giues me the prouerbes, and the neuerbes:  
Giue me thy hand terestiall,  
So giue me thy hand celestiall:  
So boyes of art I haue deceiued you both,  
I haue directed you to wrong places,  
Your hearts are mightie, you skins are whole,  
*Bardolfe* laie their swords to pawne. Follow me lads  
Of peace, follow me. Ha, ra, la. Follow. *Exit Host.*

*Shal.* Asfore God a mad host, come let vs goe.

*Doc.* I begar haue you mōcke may thus?

I will be euen met you my Iack Host.

*Sir Hu.* Giue me your hand Doctor *Cayus*,  
We be all friends:

But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone.

*Doc.* I dat be vell begar I be friends. (*Exit omnes*)

*Enter M. Foord.*

*For.* The time drawes on he shuld come to my  
Well wife, you had best worke closely, (house,  
Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning:  
I now wil seek my guesse that comes to dinner,  
And in good time see where they all are come.

*Enter Shallow, Page, host, Slender, Doctor,  
and sir Hugh.*

By my faith a knot well met: your welcome all.

*Pa.* I thanke you good M. *Foord*.

*For.* Welcome good M. *Page*,  
I would your daughter were here.

*Pa.* I thank you sir, she is very well at home.

*Slen.* Father *Page* I hope I haue your consent  
For Mistris *Anne*?

*Pa.*

*the merry wines of Windsor.*

**Pa.** You haue sonne *Slender*, but my wife here,  
Is altogether for maister Doctor.

**Doc.** Begar I tanck her hartily:

**Host.** But what say you to yong Maister *Fenstone*?  
He capers, he daunces, he writes verses, he smelles  
All April and May: he wil cary it, he wil carit,  
Tis in his betmes he wil carite.

**Pa.** My host not with my cōsent: the gentleman is  
Wilde, he knowes too much: If he take her,  
Let him take her simply: for my goods goes  
With my liking, and my liking goes not that way.

**For.** Well I pray go home with me to dinner:  
Besides your cheare Ile shew you wonders: Ile  
Shew you a monster. You shall go with me  
*M. Page*, and so shall you sir *Hugh*, and you Maister  
Doctor. (two:

**S. Hu.** If there be one in the company, I shal make

**Doc.** And dere be ven to, I fall make de tird:

**Sir Hu.** In your teeth for shame, (fairer

**Shal:** wel, wel, God be with you, we shall haue the  
Wooing at Maister *Pages*:

*Exit Shallow and Slender,*

**Host** Ile to my honest knight sir *John Falstaffe*,  
And drinke Canary with him. *Exit host.*

**Ford.** I may chance to make him drinke in pipe  
First come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.* (wine,

*Enter Mistresse Ford, with two of her men, and  
a great buck basket.*

**Mis. For.** Sirrha, if your M. aske you whither  
You carry this basket, say to the Launderers,  
I hope you know how to bestow it?

**Ser.** I warrant you misteris. *Exit seruant.*

*Mis. Ford*

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

*Mis. For.* Go get you in. Well sir *John*,  
I beleeue I shall terue you such a trick,  
You shall haue little mind to come againe.

*Enter Sir John.*

*Fal.* Haue I caught my heauenlie Iewel?  
Why now let me die. I haue liued long inough,  
This is the happie houre I haue desired to see,  
Now I shall I sin in my with,  
I would thy husband were dead.

*Mis. For.* Why how then sir *John*?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I demake thee my Ladie.

*Mis. For.* Alas sir *John*, I should be a verie simple  
Ladie.

*Fal.* Goe too, I see how thy eie doth emulate  
the Diamond.

And how the arched bent of thy brow  
Would become the ship tirc, the tirc velleet,  
Or anie Venetian attire, I see it. (better.

*Mis. For.* A plaine kercher sir *John*, would fit me

*Fal.* By the Lord thou art a traitor to saie so:  
What made me loue thee? Let that perswade thee  
Ther's somewhat extraordinarie in thee: Goe too  
I loue thee:

*Mistris Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, like one  
Of these fellows that smels like Bucklers-berie,  
In simple time, but I loue thee,  
And none but thee.

*Mis. For.* Sir *John*, I am afraid you loue misteris

*Fal.* I thou mightest as well saie (Page.  
I loue to walke by the Counter gate,  
VWhich is as hatefull to me  
As the reake of a lime kill.



*the merry wiues of Windsor.*

*Enter Mistresse Page.*

*Mis.Pa.* Mistresse *Ford*, *Mis.Ford*, where are you?

*Mis.For.* O Lord step aside good sir *Iohn*.

*Falstaffe stands behind the arras.*

How now Misteris *Page* whats the matter?

*Mis.Pa.* Why your husband woman is coming,  
With halfe *Windsor* at his heeles,  
To looke for a gentleman that he ses  
Is hid in his house : his wifes sweet hart.

*Mis.For.* Speak louder. But I hope tis not true

Misteris *Page*.

*Mis.Pa.* Tis too true woman. Therefore if you  
Haue any here, away with him, or your vndone for  
euer.

*Mis.For.* Alas mistresse *Page*, what shall I do?  
Here is a gentleman my friend, how shall I do?

*Mis.Pa.* Gode body woman, do not stand what  
shal I do, and what shall I do. Better any shift, rather  
then you shamed. Looke heere, here's a buck-ba-  
cket, if hee be a man of any reasonable sise, heele in  
here.

*Mis.For.* Alas I feare he is too big.

*Fal.* Let me see, let me see, Ile in, Ile in,  
Follow your friends counsell. (*Aside.*)

*Mis.Pa.* Fie sir *Iohn* is this your loue? Go too.

*Fal.* I loue thee, and none but thee :  
Helpe me to conuey me hence,  
Ile neuer come here more.

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

*Sir Iohn goes into the basket, they put cloathes ouer him,  
the two men carries it away : Foord meetes it, and all  
the rest, Page, Doctor, Priest, Slender, Shallow.*

*Foord.* Come pray along, you shall see all.

How now who goes heare ? whither goes this ?  
Whither goes it ? set it downe.

*Mis. For.* Now let it go, you had best meddle with  
buck-washing.

*Foord.* Buck, good buck, pray come along,  
Maister *Page* take my keyes : helpe to search. Good  
*Sir Hugh* pray come along, helpe a little, a little,  
Ile shew you all.

*Sir Hu.* By Ieshu these are iealosies & distemperes.

*Exit omnes.*

*Mis. Pa.* He is in a pittifull taking.

*Mis.* I wonder what he thought  
Whē my husband bad them set downe the basket.

*Mis. Pa.* Hang him dishonest slaue, we cannot vse  
Him bad inough. This is excellent for your  
Husbands iealousie.

*Mi. For.* Alas poore soule it grieues me at the hart,  
But this will be a meanes to make him cease  
His iealous fits, if *Falstaffes* loue increasē.

*Mis. Pa.* Nay we wil send to *Falstaffe* once again,  
Tis great pittic we should leaue him :  
What wiues may be merry, and yet honest too.

*Mi. For.* Shall we be cōdemnd because we laugh ?  
Tis old, but true : still sowes eate all the draffe.

*Enter all.*

*Mis. Pa.* Here comes your husband, stand aside.

*For.* I can find no body within, it may be he lied.

*Mis. Pa.* Did you heare that ?

*Mis. For.*

*the merry wines of Windsor.*

*Mis. For.* I, I, peace.

*For.* Well Ile not let it go so, yet Ile trie further.

*S. Hu.* By Ieshu if there be any body in the kitchen  
Or the cuberts, or the presse, or the buttery,  
I am an arrant Iew : Now God plesse me:  
You serue me well, do you not?

*Pa.* Fic M. *Ford* you are too blame :

*Mis. Pa.* Ifaith tis not well M. *Ford* to suspect  
Her thus without cause.

*Doc.* No by my trot it be no well :

*For.* Wel I pray bear with me, M. *Page* pardō me.  
I suffer for it, I suffer for it : (now :

*Sir Hu.* You suffer for a bad conscience looke you

*Ford.* Well I pray no more, another time Ile tell  
you all :

The mean time go dine with me, pardō me wife,  
I am sorie. M. *Page* pray goe in to dinner,  
Another time Ile tell you all.

*Pa.* Wel let it be so, and to morrow I inuite you all  
To my house to dinner : and in the morning wee le  
A birding, I haue an excellent Hauke for the bush.

*Ford.* Let it be so : Come M. *Page*, come wife :  
I pray you come in all, your welcome, pray come

*Sir Hu.* By so kad vdgme, M. *Fordes* is (in.  
Not in his right wittes :

*Exit omnes:*

*Enter Sir John Falstaffe.*

*Fal.* *Bardolfe* brew me a pottle sack presently :

*Bar.* With Egges sir :

*Fal.* Simply of it selfe, Ile none of these pullets  
In my drinke : goe make haste. (isperme  
Hauē I liued to be carried in a basket

E a

And

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

and throwne into the Thames like a barow of Butchers offoll. Well, and I be serued such another trick, Ile giue them leaue to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a dog for a new-yeares gift. Sblood, the rogues slided me in with as little remorse as if they had gone to drowne a blind bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know by my sife I haue a kind of alacritie in sinking: and the bottom had bin as deep as hell I should downe. I had bene drowned, but that the shore was sheluie and somewhat shallowe: a death that I abhorre. For you know the water swelles a man: and what a thing should I haue bene whē I had bene swelled? By the Lord a mountaine of money. Now is the Sacke brewed?

*Bar.* I sir, there's a woman below would speake with you.

*Fal.* Bid her come vp. Let me put some Sacke among this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow-balles for pilles.

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.*

Now whats the newes with you?

*Quic.* I come from misteris Ford forfooth.

*Fal.* Misteris Ford, I haue had Ford inough, I haue bene throwne into the Ford, my belly is full Of Ford: she hath tickled mee.

*Quic.* O Lord sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman that her seruants mistooke, that euer liued. And sir, she would desire you of all loues you will meet her once againe, to morrow sir, betweene ten and eleuen, and she hopes to make amends for all.

*Fal.* Ten, and eleuen, saiest thou? *gle*

*Quic.* I

*the merry wiues of Windsor.*

*Quic.* I forsooth.

*Fal.* Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but think  
Of mans frailtie : Let her iudge what man is,  
And then thinke of me. And so farwell.

*Quic* Youle not faile sir ?

*Exit mistresse Quickly.*

*Fal.* I will not faile. Commend me to her.  
I wonder I heare not of M. Brooke, I like his  
Mony well. By the masse here he is.

*Enter Brooke.*

*For.* God saue you sir.

*Fal.* Welcome good M. Brooke. You come to  
know how matters goes.

*Ford.* Thats my comming indeed sir *Iohn.*

*Fal.* M. Brooke I will not lie to you sir,  
I was there at my appointed time.

*For.* And how sped you sir ?

*Fal.* Verie ilfauouredly sir.

*For.* Why sir, did she change her determination ?

*Fal.* No M. Brooke, but you shall heare. After we  
had kissed and imbraced, and as it were euen amid  
the prologue of our incounter, who should come,  
but the ieaious knaue her husband, and a rabble of  
his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and  
instigated by his distemper. And what to do thinke  
you ? to search for his wiues loue. Euen so, plainly  
so.

*For.* While ye were there ?

*Fal.* Whilst I was there.

*For.* And did he search and could not find you ?

*Fal.* You shall heare sir, as God would haue it,  
A litle before comes me one Pages wife,

*A pleasant Comedie, of*  
Giues her intelligence of her husbands  
Approach : and by her inuention, and *Fords* wiues  
Distraction, conueyd me into a buck-basket.

*Ford.* A buck basket !

*Fal.* By the Lord a buck-basket, rammed me in  
With foule shirts, stokins, greasie napkins,  
That *M. Brooke*, there was a compound of the most  
Villanous smel, that euer offended nostrill.  
Ile tell you *M. Brooke*, by the Lord for your sake  
I suffered three egrcgious deaths : First to be  
Crammed like a good bilbo, in the circomference  
Of a pack, Hilt to point, heele to head : and then to  
Be stewed in my owne grease like a Dutch dish :  
A man of my kidney, by the Lord it was maruell I  
Escaped suffication, and in the heat of all this,  
To be throwne into Thames like a horsshoo hot :  
Maister *Brooke*, thinke of that hissing heate, Maister  
*Brooke*.

*Ford.* Well sir then my shute is void ?  
Youle vndertake it no more ?

*Fal.* *M. Brooke*, Ile be throwne into Etna  
As I haue bene in the Thames,  
Ere I thus leaue her : I haue receiued  
Another appointment of meeting,  
Between ten and eleuen is the houre.

*Ford.* Why sir, tis almost ten alreadie :

*Fal.* Is it ? why then will I addresse my selfe  
For my appointment : *M. Brooke* come to me soone  
At night, and you shall know how I speed,  
And the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue :  
You shall cuckold *Foord* : Come to mee soone at  
at night.

*Exit Falstaffe.*

*Ford*

*the merry wiues of Windsor.*

**Fer.** Is this a dreame? Is it a vision?  
**Maister Ford,** maister **Ford,** awake maister **Ford,**  
There is a hole made in your best coat **M. Ford,**  
And a man shall not only endure this wrong,  
But shall stand vnder the taunt of names,  
**Lucifer** is a good name, **Barbason** good: good  
Diuels names: But cuckold, wittold, godeso  
The diuel himselfe hath not such a name:  
And they may hang hats here, and napkins here  
Vpon my hornes: Well Ile home, I fei it him,  
And vnlesse the diuel himselfe should aide him,  
Ile search vnpossible places: Ile about it,  
Least I repent too late:

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter M. Fenton, Page, and mistresse*

*Quickly.*

*(resolue,*

**Fen.** Tell me sweet **Nan,** how doest thou yet  
Shall foolish **Slender** haue thee to his wife?  
Or one as wise as he, the learned Doctor?  
Shall such as they enioy thy maiden hart?  
Thou knowst that I haue alwaies loued thee deare,  
And thou hast oft times swore the like to me.

**An.** Good **M. Fenton,** you may assure your selfe  
My hart is setled vpon none but you,  
Tis as my father and mother please:  
Get their consent, you quickly shall haue mine.

**Fen.** Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,  
Tho I must needs confesse at first that drew me,  
But since thy vertues wiped that trash away,  
I loue thee **Nan,** and so deare is it set,  
That whilst I liue, I nere shall thee forget.

*A pleasant Comedie, of*  
Godes pitie here comes her father.

*Enter M. Page his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.*

*Pa.* *M. Fenton* I pray what make you here?  
You know my answere sir, shees not for you:  
Knowing my vow, to blame to vse me thus.

*Fen.* But heare me speake sir.

*Pa.* Pray sir get you gon: Come hither daughter,  
Sonne *Slender* let me speak with you. *(they whisper.)*

*Quic.* Speake to Misteris *Page*.

*Fen.* Pray misteris *Page* let me haue your cōsent.

*Mis. Pa.* Ifaith *M. Fenton* tis as my husband please.  
For my part Ile neither hinder you, nor further

*Quic.* How say you this was my doings? (you.  
I bid you speake to misteris *Page*.

*Fen.* Here nurse, theres a brace of angels to drink,  
Worke what thou canst for me, farwell. *(Exit Fen.)*

*Quic.* By my troth so I will, good hart. *(Slender)*

*Pa.* Come wife, you an I will in, weele leaue *M.*  
And my daughter to talke together. *M. Shallow,*  
You may stay sir if you please.

*Exit Page and his wife.*

*Shal.* Mary I thanke you for that:  
To her cousin, to her.

*Slen.* Ifaith I know not what to say.

*An.* Now *M. Slender*, whats your will? *(An,*

*Slen.* Gode so theres a Iest indeed: why misteris  
I neuer made wil yet: I thāk God I am wise inough

*Shal.* Fie cussie fie, thou art not right, *(for that.*  
O thou hadst a father.

*Slen.* I had a father misteris *Anne*, good vncle  
Tell the Iest how my father stole the goose out of  
The henloft. All this is nought, harke you mistresse

*Anne.*

*Shal.*



*the merry wines of Windsor.*

**Shal.** He will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he shall make you a Gentlewoman.

**Slend.** I be God that I vill, come cut and long taile, as good as any is in *Glostershire*, vnder the degree of a Squire.

**An.** O God how many grosse faults are hid, And couered in three hundred pound a yeare? Well **M. Slender**, within a day or two Ile tell you more.

**Slend.** I thanke you good misteris *Anne*, vnle I shall haue her.

**Quic.** *M. Shallow*, *M. Page* would pray you to come you, and you *M. Slender*, and you mistris *An.*

**Slend.** Well Nurse, if youle speake for me, Ile giue you more then Ile talke of.

*Exit omnes but Quickly.*

**Quic.** Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you, But specially for *M. Fenton*: But specially of all for my Maister. And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

*Exit.*

*Enter misteris Ford and her two men.*

**Mis. For.** Do you heare? when your *M.* comes take vp this basket as you did before, and if your *M.* bid you set it downe, obey him.

**Ser.** I will forsooth.

*Enter Syr Iohn.*

**Mis. For.** Syr *Iohn* welcome.

**Fal.** What are you sure of your husband now?

**Mis. For.** He is gone a birding sir *Iohn*, and I hope will not come home yet.

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

*Enter mistress Page.*

Gods body here is misteris *Page*,  
Step behind the arras good sir *Iohn*.

*He steps behind the arras.*

*Mis. Pa.* Misteris *Ford*, why woman your husband  
is in his old vaine againe, hees comming to search  
for your sweet heart, but I am glad he is not here.

*Mis. For.* O God misteris *Page* the knight is here,  
What shall I do?

*Mis. Pa.* Why then you'r vndone woman, vales  
you make some meanes to shift him away.

*Mis. For.* Alas I know no meanes, vnlesse  
we put him in the basket againe.

*Fal.* No Ile come no more in the basket,  
Ile creep vp into the chimney. (ling peeces.

*Mis. For.* There they vse to discharge their Fow-

*Fal.* Why then Ile goe out of doores.

*Mi. Pa.* Then your vndone, your but a dead man.

*Fal.* For Gods sake deuise any extremitie,  
Rather then a mischiefe.

*Mis. Pa.* Alas I know not what meanes to make,  
If there were any womans apparell would fit him,  
He might put on a gowne and a muffler,  
And so escape.

*Mi. For.* Thats wel remembred, my maids Aunt  
*Gillian of Brainford*, hath a gowne about.

*Mis. Pa.* And she is altogether as fat as he.

*Mis. For.* I that will serue him of my word.

*Mis. Pa.* Come goe with me sir *Iohn*, Ile helpe to  
dresse you.

*Fal.* Come for God sake, any thing.

*Exit Mis. Page, & Sir Iohn.*

*Enter*

*the merry wiuces of Windfor.*

*Enter M. Ford, Page, Priest, Shallow, the two men  
carries the basket, and Ford meets it.*

*For.* Come along I pray, you shal know the cause,  
How now whither goe you? Ha whither go you?  
Set downe the basket you ssaue,  
You panderly rogue set it downe. (thus:

*Mis. For.* What is the reason that you vse me

*For.* Come hither set downe the basket,  
Misteris *Ford* the modest woman,  
Misteris *Ford* the vertuous woman,  
She that hath the iealous foole to her husband,  
I mistrust you without cause do I not?

*Mis. For.* I Gods my record do you. And if  
you mistrust me in any ill sort.

*Ford.* Well sed brazen face, hold it out,  
You youth in a basket, come out here,  
Pull out the cloathes, search. (cloathes?

*Hu.* Ieshu plesse me, will you pull vp your wiuces

*Pa.* Fie M. *Ford* you are not to go abroad if you  
be in these fits.

*Sir Hu.* By so kad vdge me, tis verie necessarie  
He were put in pethlem.

*For.* M. *Page*, as I am an honest man M. *Page*,  
There was one conueyd out of my house here ye-  
sterday out of this basket, why may he not be here  
now?

*Mis. For.* Come mistris *Page*, bring the old womā

*For.* Old woman, what old woman? (downe.

*Mis. For.* Why my maidens Ant, *Gillia* of *Brainford*.  
A witch, haue I not forewarned her my house,  
Alas we are simple we, we know not what

*A pleasant Comedie, of*  
Is brought to passe vnder the colour of fortune.  
Telling. Come downe you witch, come downe.

*Enter Falstaffe disguised like an old woman, and mistress Page with him, Ford beates him, and hee runnes away.*

Away you witch get you gone. (indeed,  
Sir Hu. By Ieshu I verily thinke she is a witch  
I espied vnder her musler a great beard.

*Ford.* Pray come helpe me to search, pray now.

*Pa.* Come weele go for his minds sake.

*Exit omnes.*

*Mi. For.* By my troth he beat him most extreemly.

*Mi. Pa.* I am glad of it, what shall we proceed any further?

*Mi. For.* No faith, now if you will let vs tell our husbands of it. For mine I am sure hath almost fretted himselfe to death.

*Mi. Pa.* Content, come weele goe tell them all,  
And as they agree, so will we proceed. *Exit both.*

*Enter Host and Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* Syr heere be three Gentlemen come from the Duke the Stanger sir, would haue your horse.

*Host.* The Duke, what Duke? let me speake with the Gentlemen, do they speake English?

*Bar.* Ile call them to you sir.

*Host.* No *Bardolfe*, let them alone, Ile sauce them: They haue had my house a weeke at command, I haue turned away my other guesse, They shall haue my horses *Bardolfe*, They must come off, Ile sawce them. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Ford, Page, their wiues, Shallow, and Slen-*

*der. Syr Hu.*

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*Ford.*

*the merry wiuers of wind/or.*

*Ford.* Well wife, heere take my hand, vpon my soule I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and ioy I haue so true and constant wife, my icalousie shall neuer more offend thee.

*Mi. For.* Sir I am glad, & that which I haue done, Was nothing else but mirth and modestie.

*Pa.* I missteris *Ford*, *Falstaffe* hath all the grieffe, And in this knauerie my wife was the chiefe.

*Mi. Pa.* No knauery husband, it was honest mirth.

*Hu.* Indeed it was good pastimes & merriments.

*Mis. For.* But sweete heart shall wee leaue olde *Falstaffe* so?

*Mis. Pa.* O by no meanes, send to him againe.

*Pa.* I do not thinke heele come being so much deceiued.

*For.* Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like *Brooke*, and know his mind whether heele come or not. (come.

*Pa.* There must be some plot laide, or heele not

*Mis. Pa.* Let vs alone for that. Heare my deuice. Oft haue you heard since *Horne* the hunter dyed, That women to affright their litle children, Ses that he walkes in shape of a great stagge. Now for that *Falstaffe* hath bene so deceiued, As that he dares not venture to the house, Weele send him word to meet vs in the field, Disguised like *Horne*, with huge horns on his head, The houre shalbe iust betweene twelue and one, And at that time we will ineeet him both: Then would I haue you present there at hand, With litle boyes disguised and dressed like Fayries, For to affright fat *Falstaffe* in the woods.

*A pleasant Comedie, of*  
And then to make a period to the last,  
Tell *Falstaffe* all, I thinke this will do best.

*Pa.* Tis excellent, and my daughter *Anne*,  
Shall like a litle Fayrie be disguised.

*Mis. Pa.* And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor  
steale my daughter *An*, & ere my husband knowes  
it, to carrie her to Church, and marrie her. (boyes?)

*Mis. For.* But who will buy the silkes to tyre the

*Pa.* That will I do, and in a robe of white  
Ile cloath my daughter, and aduertise *Stender*  
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence,  
And vnknowne to my wife, shall marrie her.

*Hu.* So kad vdge me the deuises is excellent.  
I will also be there, and be like a *Tackanapes*,  
And pinch him most cruelly for his lecheries.

*Mis. Pa.* Why then we are reuenged sufficiently.  
First he was carried and throwne in the Thames,  
Next beaten well, I am sure youle witnes that.

*Mi. For.* Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.

*Pa.* Well lets about this stratagem, I long  
To see deceit deceiued, and wrong haue wrong.

*For.* Well send to *Falstaffe*, and if he come thither,  
Twill make vs smile and laugh one moneth togi-  
ther.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter Host and Simple.* (skin?)

*Host.* What would thou haue boore, what thick-  
Speake, breath, discus, short, quick, brieft, snap.

*Sim.* Sir, I am sent frō my M. to sir *John Falstaffe*.

*Host.* Sir *John*, theres his Castle, his standing bed,  
his trundle bed, his chamber is painted about with  
the story of the prodigall, fresh and new, go knock,  
heelc speak like an Antripophiginian to thee:

Knocke

*the merry Wines of Windsor.*

**Knock I say.**

*Sim.* Sir I should speak with an old woman that went vp into his chamber.

*Host.* An old woman, the knight may be robbed, Ile call bully knight, bully sir *Iohn*. Speake from thy Lungs military: it is thine host, thy Ephesian calls.

*Fal.* Now mine Host.

*Host:* Here is a Bohemian tarter bully, tarries the comming downe of the fat woman: Let her descēd bully, let her descend, my chambers are honorable, pah priuassie, fie.

*Fal.* Indeed mine host there was a fat woman with  
But she is gone. (me,

*Enter Sir Iohn.*

*Sim.* Pray sir was it not the wise woman of *Brainford?*

*Fal.* Marry was it Musselshell, what would you?

*Sim.* Marry sir my maister *Slender* sent me to her, To know whether one *Nim* that hath his chaine, Cousoned him of it, or no.

*Fal.* I talked with the woman about it.

*Sim.* And I pray sir what ses she?

*Fal.* Marry she ses the very same man that Beguiled maister *Slender* of his chaine, Cousoned him of it.

*Sim.* May I be bolde to tell my maister so sir?

*Fal.* I like, who more bolde.

*Sim.* I thanke you sir, I shall make my maister a glad man at these tydings, God be with you sir.

*Host.* Thou art clarkly sir *Iohn*, thou art clarkly, Was there a wise woman with thee?

*Fal.* Marry was there mine host, one that taught  
Me

*A pleasant Comedie, of*  
Me more wit then I learned this 7. yeare,  
And I paid nothing for it,  
But was paid for my learning.

*Enter Bardolfe.*

*Bar.* O Lord sir cousonage, plaine cousonage.

*Host.* Why man, where be my horses? where be  
the Germanes?

*Bar.* Rid away with your horses:  
After I came beyond Maidenhead,  
They flung me in a slow of myre, & away they ran.

*Enter Doctor.*

*Doc.* Where be my Host de gartyre?

*Host.* O here sir in perplexitic.

*Doc.* I cannot tell vad be dad,  
But begar I will tell you van ting,  
Dear be a Garmaine Duke come to de Court,  
Has cosened all de host of *Branford*,  
And *Redding*: begar I tell you for good will,  
Ha, ha, mine Host, am I euen met you? *Exit.*

*Enter Sir Hugh.*

*Sir Hu.* Where is mine Host of the gartyr?  
Now my Host, I would desire you looke you now,  
To haue a care of your entertainments,  
For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,  
Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings,  
Now you are an honest man, and a scuruy beg-  
gerly lowsie knaue beside:

And can point wrong places,  
Itell you for good will, grate why mine Host. *Exit.*

*Host.* I am cosened Hugh, and coy *Bardolfe*,  
Sweet knight assist me, I am cosened. *Exit.*

*Fal.* Would all the worell were cosened for me,  
For



*the merry wiuues of Windsor.*

For I am coufoned and beaten too.  
Well, I neuer prospered since I forswore  
My selfe at *Primero* : and my winde  
Were but long inough to say my prayers,  
Ide repent, now from whence come you?

*Enter Mistresse Quickly.*

*Quic.* From the two parties forsooth.

*Fal.* The diuell take the one partie,  
And his dam the other,  
And theyle be both bestowed.  
I haue endured more for their sakes,  
Then man is able to endure.

*Quic.* O Lord sir, they are the sorowfull creatures  
That euer liued : specially mistresse *Ford*,  
Her husband hath beaten her that she is all  
Blacke and blew poore soule.

*Fal.* What tellest me of blacke and blew,  
I haue bene beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,  
And in my escape like to a beere apprehended  
For a witch of *Brainford*, and set in the stocks.

*Quic.* Well sir, she is a sorrowfull woman,  
And I hope when you heare my errant,  
Youle be perswaded to the contrarie.

*Fal.* Come goe with me into my chamber, Ile  
heare thee. *Exit omnes.*

*Enter Host and Fenton.*

*Host.* Speake not to me sir, my mind is heauie,  
I haue had a great losse.

*Fen.* Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,  
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your losse.

*Host.* Well sir Ile heare you, and at least keep your  
counsell.

*Fen.* The thus my host. Tis not vnknown to you,

*A pleasant Comedie, of*  
The seruient loue I beare to young *Anne Page*,  
And mutally her loue againe to mee:  
But her father still against her choise,  
Doth seeke to marrie her to foolish *Slender*,  
And in a robe of white this night disguised,  
Wherein fat *Falstaffe* had a mightie scare,  
Must *Slender* take her and carrie her to *Calten*,  
And there vnknowne to any, marrie her.  
Now her mother still against that match,  
And firme for Doctor *Cayus*, in a robe of red  
By her deuice, the Doctor must steale her thence,  
And she hath giuen consent to goe with him.

*Hof.* Now which means she to deceiue, father or mother?

*Fen.* Both my good *Hof*, to go along with me.  
Now here it rests, that you would procure a priest,  
And tarrie readie at the appointment place,  
To giue our harts vnited matrimonie. (among the)

*Hof.* But how will you come to steale her from

*Fen.* That hath sweet *Nan* and I agreed vpon,  
And by a robe of white, she which she weares,  
With ribones pendant flaring bout her head,  
I shalbe sure to know her, and conney her thence,  
And bring her where the priest abides our cōming,  
And by thy furtherance there be married.

*Hof.* Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,  
Bring you the maide, you shall not lacke a Priest.

*Fen.* So shall I euermore be bound vnto thee.  
Besides Ile alwaies be thy faithfull friend.

*Exit omnes.*

*Enter sir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.*

*Fal.* This is the third time, well Ile venter,  
They say there is good luck in old numbers,

*Ioue* transformed himselfe into a bull

And

*the merry wiues of Windsor.*

And I am here a Stag, and I thinke the fattest  
In all *Windsor* forrest: well I stand here  
For *Horne* the hunter, waiting my Does comming.

*Enter mistress Page, and mistress Ford.*

*Mis. Pa.* Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

*Fal.* Art thou come my doe? what and thou too?  
Welcome Ladies.

*Mi. For.* I I sir *Iohn*, I see you will not faile,  
Therefore you deserue far better then our loues,  
But it grieues me for your late crosses.

*Fal.* This makes amends for all.  
Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,  
For my horns Ile bequeath the to your husbands,  
Do I speake like *Horne* the hunter, ha?

*Mis. Pa.* God forgiue me, what noise is this?

*There is a noise of hornes, the two women run away.*

*Enter sir Hugh like a Satyre, and boyes drest like Fayries,  
mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fayries: they  
sing a song about him, and afterward speake.*

(groues,  
*Quic:* You Fayries that do haunt these shady  
Looke round about the wood if you can espie  
A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round:  
If such a one you can espie, giue him his due,  
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:  
Giue them their charge *Puck* ere they part away.

*Sir Hu.* Come hither *Peane*, go to the countrie  
houses,

And when you finde a slut that lies a sleepe,  
And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,  
With your long nailes pinch her till she crie,

And

*A pleasant Comedie, of*  
And sweare to mend her sluttish huswiferie.

*Fai.* I warrant you I will performe your will.

*Ha.* Where is *Peau*? go you & see where Brokers  
And Foxe-eyed Seriants with their mase, (sleep,  
Goe laic the Proctors in the street,  
And pinch the lowlie Seriants face:  
Spare none of these when they are a bed,  
But such whose nose looks plew and red.

*Quic.* Away begon, his mind fulfill,  
And looke that none of you stand still.  
Some do that thing, some do this,  
All do something, none amis.

*Hir Ha.* I smell a man of middle earth.

*Fal.* God blesse me from that wealch Fairie.

*Quic.* Looke euery one about this round,  
And if that any here be found,  
For his presumption in this place,  
Spare neither legge, arme, head, nor face.

*Sir Ha.* See I haue spied one by good luck,  
His bodie man, his head a buck.

*Fal.* God send me good fortune now, and I care

*Quic.* Go strait, and do as I commaund, (not.  
And take a Taper in your hand,  
And set it to his fingers endes,  
And if you see it him offends,  
And that he starteth at the flame,  
Then is he mortall, know his name:  
If with an F. it doth begin,  
Why then be shure he is full of sin.  
About it then, and know the truth,  
Of this same metamorphis'd youth.

*Sir Ha.* Giue me the Tapers, I will try  
And if that he loue venery.

*the merry wiues of Windsor.*

*They put the Tapers to his fingers, and he starts.*

*Sir Hu.* It is right indeed, he is full of lecheries  
and iniquitie.

*Quic.* A little distant from him stand,  
And euery one take hand in hand,  
And compasse him within a ring,  
First pinch him well, and after sing:

*Here they pinch him, and sing about him, & the Doctor comes oneway & steales away a boy in red. And Slender another way he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton steales misteris Anne, being in white. And a noyse of hunting is made within: and all the Fairies runne away. Falstaffe pulles of his bucks head, and rises up. And enters M. Page, M. Ford, and their wiues, M. Shallow, Sir Hugh.*

*Fal.* Horne the hunter quoth you: am I a ghost?  
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghost of me:

What hunting at this time at night?

Il lay my life the mad Prince of Wales

Is stealing his fathers Deare. How now who haue  
we here, what is all *Windsor* stirring? Are you there?

*Shal.* God saue you sir *John Falstaffe*.

*Sir Hu.* God plesse you sir *John*, God plesse you.

*Pa.* Why how now sir *John*, what a pair of horns  
in your hand?

*Ford.* Those hornes he ment to place vpon my  
And *M. Brooke* and he should be the men: (head,  
Why how now sir *John*, why are you thus amazed?  
We know the Fairies man that pinched you so,  
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,

G. 3. And

*A pleasant Comedie, of*  
**And whats to come sir Iohn, that can we tell.**

*Mi. Pa.* Sir Iohn tis thus, your dishonest meanes  
To call our credits into question,  
Did make vs vnder take to our best,  
To turne your leaud lust to a merry Iest.

*Fal.* Iest, tis well, haue I liued to these yeares  
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?  
Why then these were not Fairies?

*Mi. Pa.* No sir Iohn but boyes.

*Fal.* By the Lord I was twice or thrise in the  
They were not, and yet the grosnesse (mind  
Of the sopperie perswaded me they were.  
Well, and the fine wits of the Court heare this,  
Thayle so whip me with their keene Iests,  
That thayle melt me out like tallow,  
Drop by drop out of my grease. Boyes!

*Sir Hu.* I trust me boyes Sir Iohn: and I was  
Also a Fairie that did helpe to pinch you.

*Fal.* I, tis well I am your May-pole,  
You haue the start of mee,  
Am I ridden too with a wealch goate?  
With a peece of toasted cheese?

*Sir Hu.* Butter is better then cheese sir Iohn,  
You are all butter, butter.

*For.* There is a further matter yet sir Iohn,  
There's 20. pound you borrowed of M. Brooke Sir  
And it must be paid to M. Ford Sir Iohn. (Iohn)

*Mi. For.* Nay husband let that go to make améds,  
Forgiue that sum, and so wee le all be friends.

*For.* Well here is my hand, all's forgiuen at last,

*Fal.* It hath cost me well,  
I haue bene well pinched and washed.

*Enter*

*the merry Wives of Windsor.*

*Enter the Doctor.*

*Mi. Pa.* Now M. Doctor, sonne I hope you are.

*Doct.* Sonne begar you be de ville voman,  
Begar I tinck to marry metres *An*, and begar  
Tis a whorson garson lack boy.

*Mis. Pa.* How a boy?

*Doct.* I begar a boy.

*Pa.* Nay be not angry wife, *He* tell thee true,  
It was my plot to deceiue thee so :  
And by this time your daughter's married  
To M. Slender, and see where he comes.

*Enter Slender.*

Now sonne Slender,  
Where's your bride?

*Slen.* Bride, by Gods lye I thinke theres neuer a  
man in the worrell hath that crosse fortune that I  
haue : begod I could cry for verie anger.

*Pa.* Why whats the matter sonne Slender?

*Slen.* Sonne, nay by God I am none of your son.

*Pa.* No, why so? (married.)

*Slen.* Why so God saue me, tis a boy that I haue

*Pa.* How a boy? why did you mistake the word?

*Slen.* No neither, for I came to her in red as you  
bad me, and I cried mum, and hee cried budget, so  
well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.

*Sir Hu.* Ies hu M. Slender, cannot you see but marrie

*Pa.* O I am vext at hart, what shal I do? (boyese)

*Enter Fenton and Anne.*

*Mis. Pa.* Here comes the man that hath deceiued  
How now daughter, where haue you bin? (vs all:

*An.* At Curch forsooth.

*Pa.* At Church, what haue you done there?

*Fen.*

*A pleasant Comedie, of*

*Fen.* Married to me, nay sir neuer storme,  
Tis done sir now, and cannot be vndone.

*Ford:* Ifaith M. *Page* neuer chafe your selfe,  
She hath made her choise wheras her hart was fixt,  
Then tis in vaine for you to storme or fret.

*Fal.* I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced  
*Mi. For.* Come mistris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,  
Tis pitie to part loue that is so true.

*Mi. Pa.* Altho that I haue missed in my intent,  
Yet I am glad my husbands match was crossed,  
Here M. *Fenton*, take her, and God giue thee ioy.

*Sir Hu.* Come M. *Page*, you must needs agree.  
*Fo.* I yfaith sir come, you see your wife is wel plea-  
*Pa.* I cannot tel, and yet my hart's well eased, (scd:  
And yet it doth me good the Doctor missed.  
Come hither *Fenton*, and come hither daughter,  
Go too you might haue stai'd for my good will,  
But since your choise is made of one you loue,  
Here take her *Fenton*, & both happie proue. (dings.

*Sir Hu.* I wil also dance & eat plums at your wed-

*Ford.* All parties pleased, now let vs in to feast,  
And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors ieast.  
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy  
To waite vpon you, so God giue you ioy,  
and sir *Iohn Falstaffe* now shal you keep your word,  
For *Brooke* this night shall lye with mistris *Ford*.

*Exit omnes.*

**F I N I S.**







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